

The Trail

Volume 14, Issue 14

A publication of the Associated Students of the University of Puget Sound

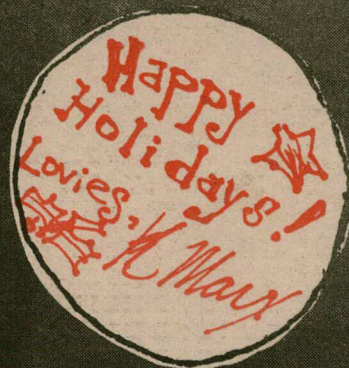
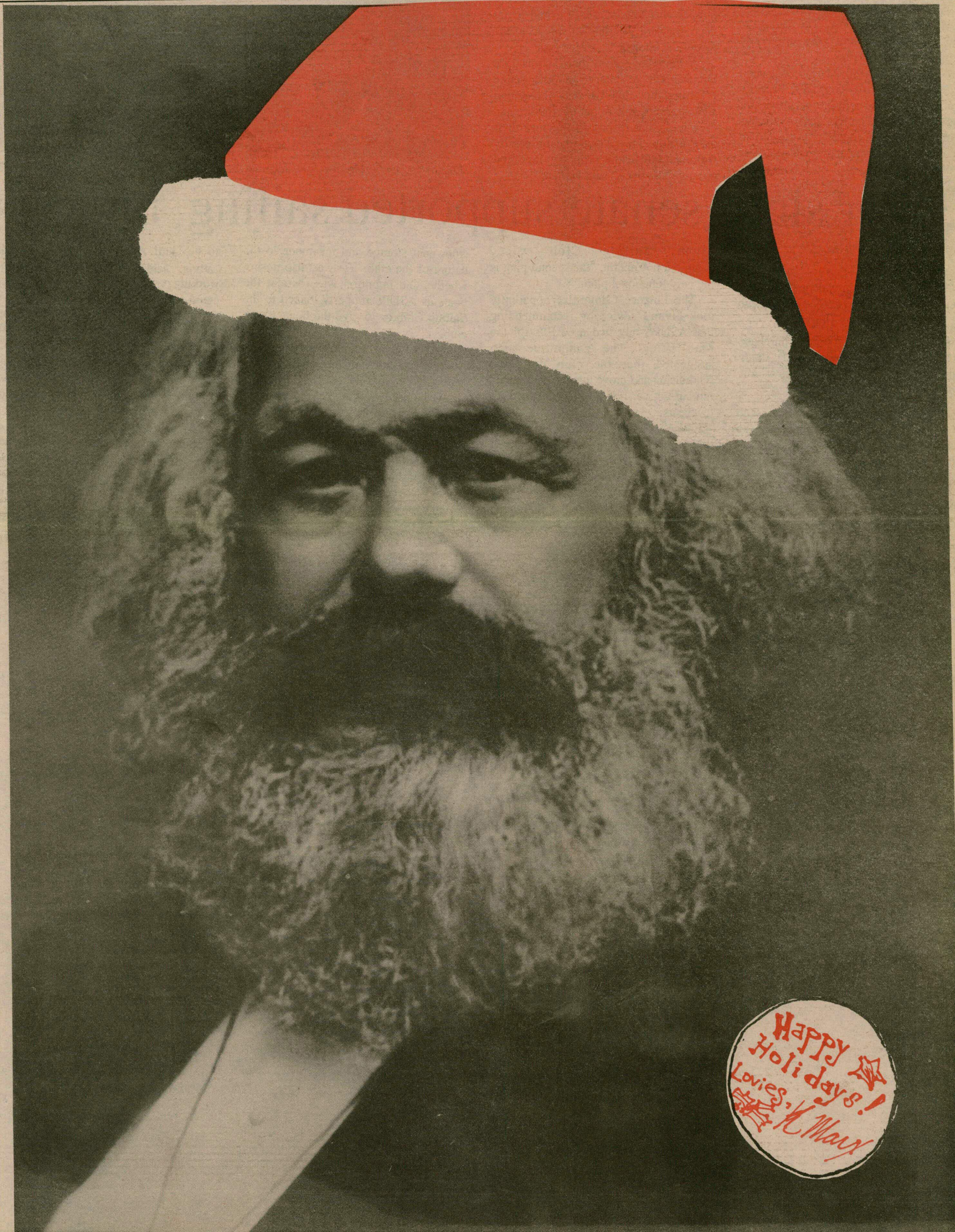
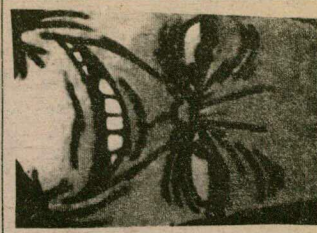
December 13, 1990

UNIVERSITY
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DEC 13 1990

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TACOMA, WASH.

Remember
him?
see
page 6



Students douse dorm fire

By Jennifer Shepard
News Editor

On Thursday, December 6, a fire broke out in Harrington Hall at 10:05 pm when an unattended hot-air popcorn popper malfunctioned. Two students managed to put the fire out before it could spread much beyond the popper. The damage to the kitchen area and other university property was not severe.

According to Dave Harlan, Assistant Director of Security Services, Security was on the scene within one minute of the fire alarm. "The Resident Assistants had the building completely cleared in minutes and the fire department was there within three minutes of our phone call,"

said Harlan.

Students were kept out of the building for up to an hour and half as the fire department checked for structural damage.

"It was a very scary incident for me, just because of what could have happened," said Harlan. "The popcorn popper was left unattended, had it not been checked, it could've spread to the rest of the kitchen."

"A lieutenant from the Tacoma Fire Department in charge of the scene informed me that because those two students were able to put out the fire and they took that responsibility into their own hands, they saved the university from a significant property loss and possible lost lives," said Harlan.



Popcorn popper brings two firetrucks and an aid unit to Harrington Hall.

Erik Alexander

Potter sinks senate supported sailing budget

By Stephanie Dorsey
ASUPS Reporter

Monday ASUPS President Bill Potter vetoed \$1200 granted to the Sailing Club by Senate the previous Thursday.

The money was to be used to purchase two used Flying Juniors (FJ) class sailing boats, life jackets, first aid equipment, and office supplies.

Originally, the Sailing Club had asked ASUPS for money to help fund the refitting of the old Sea Lark boats it already owns or, preferably, that ASUPS purchase one new and one used FJ.

According to the report presented to the Finance Committee by Douglass

Flynn, Sailing Club Vice-commodore/Captain, "the second plan is the only functional plan."

The Finance Committee apparently took Flynn's advice by recommending that ASUPS buy two used FJ's for the time being. The committee also suggested that the club do some fundraising and prove that the club would remain active, not falling apart after a few years.

Potter explained his veto saying, "I felt that there were many unanswered questions. This is the first capital expenditure where the stuff will be stored off campus."

Potter's unanswered questions ranged

from boat storage and insurance to the nature of the club. He was also unsure whether the intention was to treat the boats as ASUPS property loaned to the Sailing Club or to give the boats to the club.

The veto gives him and other senators "a chance to talk to other members of the sailing club," said Potter.

"We've been working since September just to be approved even though [University sponsored sailing] in the viewbook," said Jenny Roy, Commodore of the Sailing Club. "We are just going to keep pushing."

Roy had the answers to some of Potter's questions. The club is designed

to be "half race, half just interest in sailing," said Roy. She is also currently working on a sailing theme house, which could solve the storage problems.

Roy recognized storage of the boats was a problem. "Hopefully, we will make a deal with the Tacoma Yacht Club that we would do volunteer work and they would berth our boats." She is also seeing if the Yacht Club's insurance would cover boats berthed there.

Roy said the club consists mainly of freshmen and sophomores who are ready to work hard.

"The whole point is just to sail not to go through all this red tape. Just to sail."

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Stealing trees as a counterattack for communist cause

It is a tree, for History's sake

By Todd Stagliak
Party Apparatchik

As the holiday season approaches, the leaves on the trees are nothing but a dying memory, disciplinary examinations impose order upon the joyful chaos of student activity, and our thoughts turn to the revolutionary class struggle.

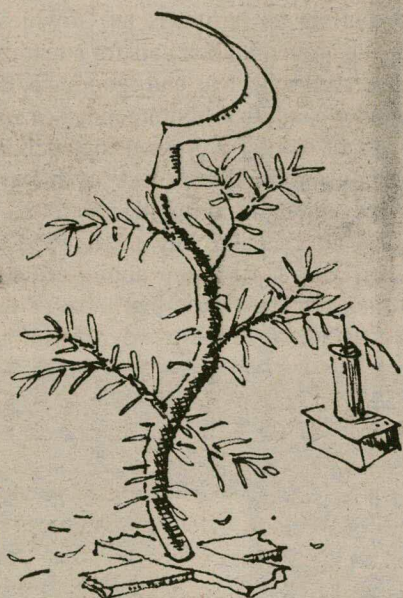
It is a time of mass-exploitation, of manipulation of the consumer masses by the producer minority. A time when the innocent minds of young Americans are poisoned by television images of Rudolph the Imperialist Reindeer, alternating with an endless stream of behavior-controlling commercials promoting the interests of the industrial oligarchy.

It is also a time for stealin' Christmas trees.

Yes, comrades. At a time like this, when the forces of world capitalism are mounting their final assault on the free peoples of the world, when the forces of campus indoctrination are mounting their final attack upon our sanity, it is time for class-conscious revolutionary action. It is time to counter-attack.

As Lenin writes, "a certain stage in the development of democracy ... welds

together the class that wages a revolutionary struggle against capitalism -- the proletariat, and enables it to crush, smash to atoms, wipe off the face of the earth the bourgeois, even the republican-



bourgeois state machine, the standing army, the police and the bureaucracy."

But wait a moment. One who wishes to embody the dialectical progression of history in his or her every thought and

deed must not fall prey to the temptation of bourgeois haste. Besides, it's finals week. The full-fledged assault on the existing order that Lenin calls for must wait at least until after winter break.

However, there is something we can do right at this moment. We must attack the symbol of capitalism, the symbol of Christian-bourgeois self-justification. Comrades, the time has come to attack the Christmas tree.

What better way is there to attack the symbol of the private property system than by stealing it? What better way to foment revolution than by avoiding the use of money, what Marx called "the pimp between man's need and the object," and appropriating the object itself by creative revolutionary cunning?

It is a tree, for History's sake! A tree, a fruit of the earth, appropriated by the mechanisms of power for the purposes of maintaining the status quo. Steal a Christmas tree! For the sake of the future, if not for yourself.

Party intelligence tells us that a band of mighty guerillas has already begun the assault on the hated capitalist tree, symbol of oppression. A small band penetrated the Christmas tree lot in front

of Shop-Rite, only to be captured by the pig-dog police. Oh martyrs to the cause! Oh noble sacrifice to the necessities of historical circumstance! Oh exemplary brothers and sisters!

With this venerable example in place all that is needed is a little communist counter-Christmas carols to maintain the necessary fervor.

Instead of, "He's making a list, and checking it twice," sing, "The vanguard party of the proletariat is coming to town!"

Instead of, "I'm dreaming of a white Christmas," sing, "I'm dreaming of a classless society"

Instead of, "Walking in a winter wonderland," sing, "Walking through the ruins of global imperialism"

And so comrades, we leave you until the new year. Keep your spirits high, the dawn of a new day is upon us. Until next time, avoid undue alienation from the modes of production, and kick a capitalist when you're feeling blue.



Mistletoasters hustle across the dance floor

By Jennifer Shepard
News Editor

Some 200 University of Puget Sound students attended Mistletoast, the school's annual holiday fest. They danced to the big band sound, they ate, they made merry. A cartoon festival featured *Mickey's Christmas Carol*, a choir from Decatur High School entertained students eating in the Great Hall, and a 30's style big band provided hours of dance music.

"Everything was successful from the hayride to the dance to the cartoons," said Kristen Frieauf, ASUPS Programmer in charge of Special Events. "It was a fun

crowd, [with] a lot of really good and enthusiastic dancers."

At one point in the evening of dancing, about 25 dancers broke into the "disco hustle," astounding many non-dancers.

"I had a great time," said Kitty Roberts, a sophomore at Puget Sound. "I really enjoyed the International Food Fest and the old-fashioned dancing. It was fun to see everybody dressed up."

"Mistletoast is a really fun UPS tradition and it was great to share it with all the campus community," said Frieauf.

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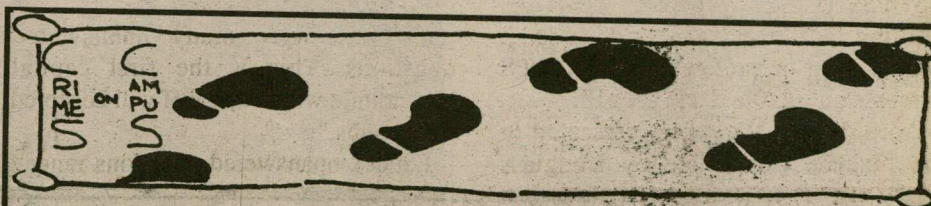
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Sunday, December 2	11:24 pm	A student in Schiff Hall reported receiving an obscene telephone call.
Monday, December 3	3:02 pm	A student reported the theft of her unattended wallet from a classroom in Thompson Hall.
Thursday, December 6	2:34 pm	A student reported that his bicycle was stolen from the Harrington breezeway. The bicycle was locked poorly.
Friday, December 7	2:04 am	Security witnessed a student damaging the lawn with his vehicle near the Rotunda.
Friday, December 7	4:03 am	Security discovered the University sign at N. 18th and Union vandalized.
Friday, December 7	9:31 pm	A Seward Hall R.A. reported a hole cut in the bicycle cage.
Saturday, December 8	5:31 pm	A student reported that his vehicle was the victim of a hit-and-run motor vehicle accident while parked near the Kappa Sigma house.
Monday, December 10	1:14 pm	A student reported the theft of his backpack from a Library study carol.
Tuesday, December 11	12:30 pm	The emergency telephone was reported stolen from the Howarth Hall basement.

Campus Notes

Tuesday, December 18	Meeting for those interested in excavating at Sepporis, Galilee June 7 - July 18. Meeting will be at 4:00 in the Shelmidine Room of the Library. For more information contact Professor Edward at x 3748.
Thursday, December 20	Junior and senior Phi Kappa Phi members may pick up scholarship applications from Shelley Bott in Library 218.

Gangs at UPS

By Tom Hadjuk
Staff Writer

Ask anyone who goes to school at University of Southern California, located in the middle of Watts, what the red phones placed conspicuously about campus are for. They will say that they are glad that those phones are there. Pick up a red phone, and within minutes a USC security guard should come running to your assistance.

"It's not that I'm prejudiced, that's obvious, because I'm black myself," says Chandler Kinkle, a student who lives just off the campus of USC. "But we are talking about people [the gangmembers] who have no rules. They'll kill you in a second, and they don't care about getting caught. And what's more, these guys know that the people that go to this school are from high income families. They hate us for that."

Kinkle knows that violence well, and often jokes about it. "I make jokes with my friends about this stabbing," he says, pointing at the now faded chalk outline and dark bloodstain on the sidewalk. "But I know it wasn't funny at all. Supposedly this guy who was killed had no warning at all. That means it could have been me. Most of the violence is pretty random."

What about the University of Puget Sound Campus? Is there danger here? In the past two months, there have been two incidents involving what many students call "gang related violence."

"They're here," said one UPS student. "It's pretty obvious because all you gotta do is look at how run down Tacoma is."

But that's not all there is to it. Seeing or hearing of an alleged "gang incident" is not sufficient proof for the existence of gangs. Some of the stories one might hear circulating around campus of "they're here" can be attributed to paranoia and lack of information about gangs.

"Sure there are lots of rumors about gang activity, but the thing that people need to understand is that there are a number of high school kids who are gang 'wannabes' who feign the dress, language and hand signals," says Dean David Dodson, who has been working closely with the Tacoma Police Department. "It's a way for those kids to gain respect from other people."

Captain Darlan from the Tacoma Police Department has made a special project of watching for an increase of gang activity in Tacoma. Working with Dean Dodson and Todd Badham, Director of UPS Security, Darlan has minimized those fears which have risen mostly from inflated rumors.

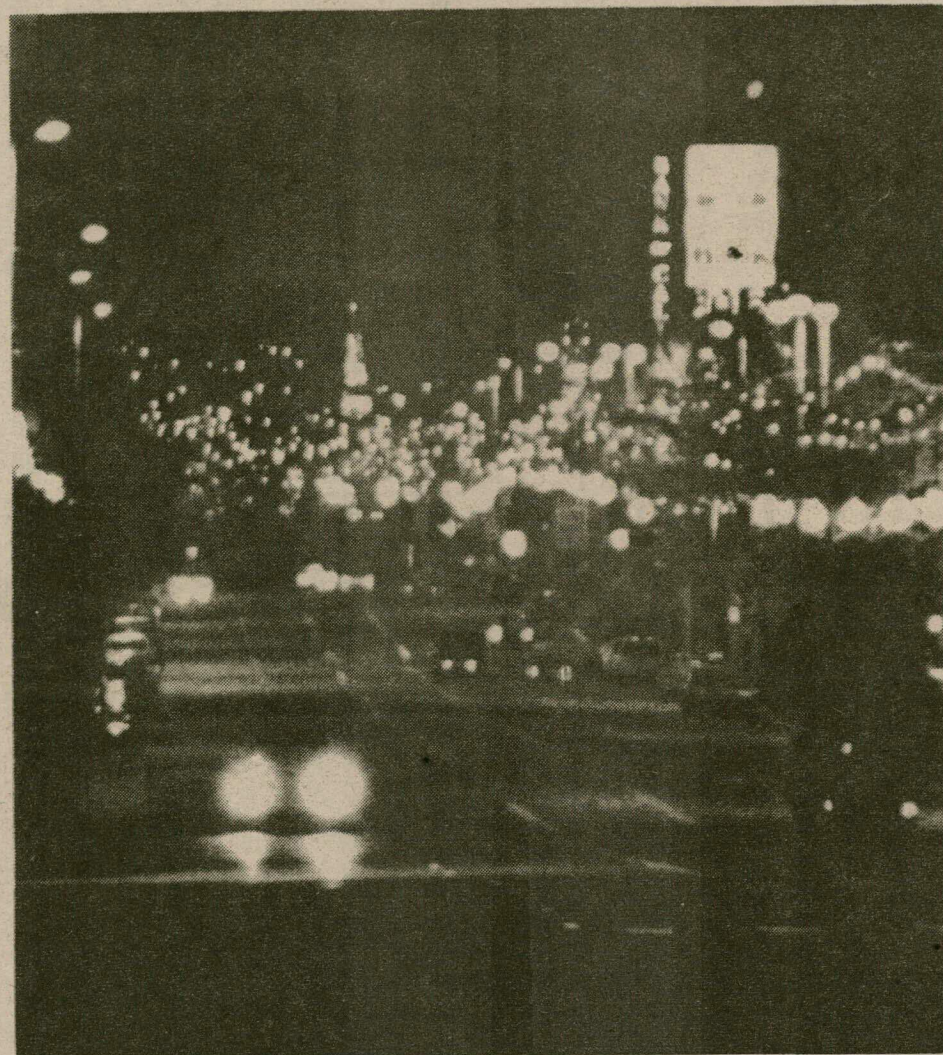
"The best information we have comes from Captain Darlan," continued Dodson. "We had a meeting with him in mid-

October immediately following the incident at 10th and Lawrence. We asked him that specific question, is there any increase on gang activity in Tacoma. He said that there has not been an increase but actually a decrease of the kind of activity that happened two years ago when many gang leaders were moving from California to sell cocaine. Most of those individuals have either gone back to California or have been arrested."

Tacoma may not be a golden community, but apparently it fears being immersed in the type of violence that characterizes Los Angeles suburbs. Todd Badham, Director of UPS Security, adds that much of the "hype" about gang activity may be a result of inaccurate

with gangs. The kids are everywhere, shouting things at each other across the hallways, coming into frequent confrontations with mall security and other kids. But if observed closely, with an unprejudiced eye, these kids do not seem bent on violence; the situation at the mall is as harmless as "townies" cruising around in their cars for attention. If observed with fear and ignorance, on the other hand, the shouting matches and groups of similarly dressed high school kids must look like a pack of hungry wolves coming in for a kill.

"It is not illegal to buy a L.A. Raiders jacket," says Badham about all the confusion. "The fact is that most of the gang paraphernalia is trendy. If you go



Scott Padlock

conclusions.

"If people were to educate themselves on gangs, the first thing that they would learn is that the media and local government do not accurately record or portray the real issues in terms of gang violence," said Badham. "The media perpetuates the idea that if you see a black kid in a L.A. Raiders jacket, he is a gang member. That reason alone is partially the result of peoples opinions, ideas and rumors that gangs are all over Tacoma now."

Try going to the Tacoma Mall at around three in the afternoon. If you believe that all gang members wear L.A. Raiders (or similarly styled jackets), then the Mall will appear completely overrun

into a high-school you will see white kids wearing the same stuff."

Driving through downtown Tacoma, or the nearby Hilltop area, one also might see a lot of gang activity. But this too can be misleading to the untutored mind.

"Eighty-five percent of the kids you see running around the streets of Tacoma wearing the jackets and flashing hand signals are either associates, or wannabes, but they are not actual gang members," said Todd Badham.

In all of Tacoma, there are approximately 300-500 actual gang members. This may seem like a large number at first, but in comparison to the forecasted numbers for a Los Angeles suburb of the same size as Tacoma, it is

a tiny group. Some cities near Los Angeles predict they have as many as 2000 to 8000 gang members. But the dynamics of the cities near Los Angeles are different, in which more people live in a smaller area, and thousands of people a day commute through these areas.

There gangs have evolved into a class of sorts, seemingly non-removable from the streets. Here in Tacoma however, it is much easier to keep a watch over them.

The Tacoma Police Department will soon be switching to a precinct system, to better serve the city with a program called "The Community Police." The idea is to have one lieutenant in charge of an area 24 hours a day, rather than having a day lieutenant and a separate night one. According to Dodson, "there will be one lieutenant who deals with us on a regular basis."

There are plenty of crimes in the Tacoma area and a fair amount on the UPS campus itself. "It's largely juveniles that we are concerned about, who live in the surrounding community and are involved in bike thefts. We suspect that they are even the ones who have been involved with some vandalism, the painting on doors around campus," said Dodson. Most of these kids are 12 to 16 years of age, and hardly organized enough to form gangs.

These kids are often termed "at risk." Many of them come from low-income or broken-family homes. This is where the focus comes to bear upon students at the University of Puget Sound. Do we, as students, do enough on the campus with our community?

"I guess that's the concern I have," says Dodson. "Kids ages 12 to 16 are especially susceptible to peer pressure and if they only had some positive role models. The Kids Can Do program is really helping, and the Community Volunteer Center has some 200 match-ups with kids. There are other areas that could use some assistance. There is a latch-key program at McCarver Elementary School - this is an after school program for kids in first grade through sixth. The Al Davies Boys and Girls Club can always use help."

Community service can offer not only an education of the most practical kind, but also helps improve the community. A student who has never gone out into the Tacoma area can allay some of their fears about the neighborhood by volunteering for community service.

"I think that a little pro-active response on the part of UPS students would really be an eye-opener," concludes Dodson. "And instead of being part of the problem, you can be part of the solution."

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Can we avoid the draft?

By Jennifer L. Murawski
Editor

Rumors that a draft is coming may indeed have the ring of truth. Although President Bush told Congress that he would "definitely not" reinstate a military draft, sceptical defense advisors are not certain he can avoid it. Former Navy Secretary James Wells told the Senate Armed Services Committee on Nov. 29 that it would be impossible for the U.S. to maintain its commitment of up to 400,000 troops in the Gulf without some means of replenishing them.

"Proper planning for a ground offensive should include an immediate call for the draft," Wells said, according to the Denver Post.

Democratic senators John Glenn of Ohio and Sam Nunn of Georgia seconded

Wells opinion. They questioned the necessity of so many troops in Saudi Arabia, and warned that a draft might be necessary just to maintain those numbers, even if we are not actually fighting.

Reinstating the draft that was abolished in 1973 would require congressional as well as presidential approval. Should both be granted, college students will find they have far fewer deferment options now than they did during Vietnam. A student drafted mid-semester will be allowed to finish the term and a senior to finish the academic year before reporting for duty. But a student's deferment application must be filed within the ten days following the postmark date on his draft notice.

The first age group tapped will be 20-year-olds, followed by 21-year-olds, 22-year-olds, 23-year-olds, 24-year-olds, and 25-year-olds. Once those sources are exhausted, the draft will seek 19-year-olds

and then 18-year-olds.

Draftees have ten days to report for physicals and leave for basic training that same day to serve a minimum of two years.

As the draft law stands, only seminarians, students at divinity schools, and males who have lost a sibling or parent in battle are exempt. Deferments are made for medical reasons, but each case is examined individually.

Is there any way to successfully evade the draft?

"As it stands right now, you'd have to get a sex change," said Dave Treber, Associate Director of the National Interreligious Service Board for Conscientious Objectors. He stressed the fact that though conscientious objectors might not go to war, they do not evade the draft to avoid fighting, they resist the draft.

"What happens is, a person gets a draft notice, and must immediately have form

1A ready to go seek reclassification," said Treber. A person cannot be legally recognized as a conscientious objector before he is drafted.

"A conscientious objector must prove that he sincerely opposes all forms of war--not selective objection, that doesn't qualify," said Igal Roodenko, a staff member at the War Resisters League.

Though he said he doubted the government would ever reinstate the draft, Roodenko did offer some advice for those who thought they would seek c.o. status if called to military duty.

"Build up a 'support-file' from teachers, ministers; have them say they know you to be sincerely devoted and consistent," he said. "Be involved in social concerns--homelessness, environmental issues. That will say you are concerned about social issues, but not in using weapons."



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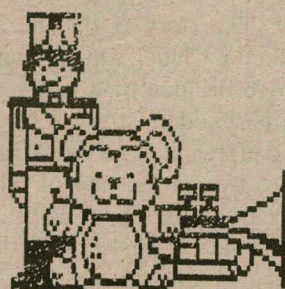
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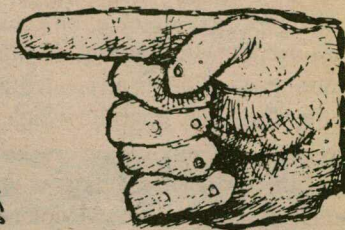
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Christmas itself

A guide to the Christmas TV specials

Story and Photos by
Andy James
A & E Editor

I'm not going to pitch a windy introduction at these. Suffice it to say that these *are* Christmas to anyone who grew up with a television, which is us. Suffice it to say these are absolutely central.

I'd also like to say I'm not a critic with these; this is *appreciation* here.

A Charlie Brown Christmas

The Story: Charlie, by dint of miracle or anomalous kindness, is elected to direct a Christmas pageant which, one



The Burgermeister Meisterburger, festive holiday Nazi incarnation.

supposes, will be seen by the entire unseen community. But Charlie, as is natural, is in the throes of angst; he has to deal with a greedy sister, a dog who consumes a stack of whitened bones, and the grim commerciality of Christmas.

The whole vicious group of Chuck's compatriots senses a dramatic hole in their endeavor; they need a tree. Amongst the violently fifties pink aluminum trees, Charlie and Linus find a feeble branch which deposits needles regularly. Charlie buys it, is vilified, and escapes in slightly greater despair.

The tree is feeble, so is Charlie Brown. The crowd, walking as one, gathers its philanthropy and transforms Charlie Brown's tree beyond all scientific limits. They shout at our stunned hero and leave singing.

Moments to watch for: The best parts nearly all involve musical instruments: Charlie throws down his megaphone and an impossibly duckish horn sounds; needles fall off the tree and a piano tinkles; and, of course, all parents make a sound strangely like a muted trumpet.

Of course, Vince Guaraldi's beautifully muted jazz is there: standup bass, brushed drums, and a piano playing "O Christmas Tree" as if it were a nightclub—what could be better?

Also the way Linus says "lights, please" so that it sounds like "Lightsh, pleeth." And, later, a star speaks and that voice comes out. Beautiful.

Rudolph the Red-nosed Reindeer

The story: Rudolph is born with a nose that not only lights but squeaks. Herbie has an effeminate voice and wants to be a dentist. Both leave.

In the forest, animals with mild faces hold hands and sing. What

consolation—Rudolph's vicious comrades savage him, Herbie has doubts about his adequacy. They head to the dangerous north, meet Yukon Cornelius ("Yahooo!"), incapacitate the Bumble, and head to the island of misfit toys (a visit accompanied by the haunting "You're on the Island of Misfit Toys"). Toys").

All is forgiven. Rudolph lights his glorious way, Herbie gets dentist appointments and, one assumes, a date. Bumbles bounce!

Moments to watch for: The island of misfit toys, ruled by a lion with a lugubrious voice, is inhabited by,

Rudolph stuns the king of Ding-a-Ling.



among others, a Charlie-in-the-Box, a train with square wheels, and a perfectly normal doll who is ostracized for reasons unknown to any man. It must have been Burl Ives' way of affirming the savage irrational logic of fate.

Santa Claus is Comin' to Town

The Story: Fred Astaire, in puppet form, tells this one; there is no real story about Santa's beginnings, so one is invented.

Santa, a wee orphan, is adopted by squeaky woodland elves whose way with a toy is legendary but superfluous, since the Teutonic, fascist Burgermeister Meisterburger rules the nearest city and outlaws toys. Kris (that's his name before his canonization) becomes a red-haired guffawing punk who reforms a blustering ice monster and adopts an inarticulate penguin. Together, they prod the eminently upsettable Burgermeister with Kris' illegalities at the fore.

They win.

Moments to watch for: A lot of inexplicables: Kris gives Topper the penguin his name by saying "oh ho ho (Topper) ho ho." Huh? There's also a child asking Astaire: "And he's very good, isn't he?" "Yes," he says. "Is that why they call him Santa Claus?" "Uh-huh." *Huh?* There's also a psychedelic feminist fantasy on the part of Kris' wife that's utterly abysmal. But the whole thing is purely wonderful, dinky and transcendent.

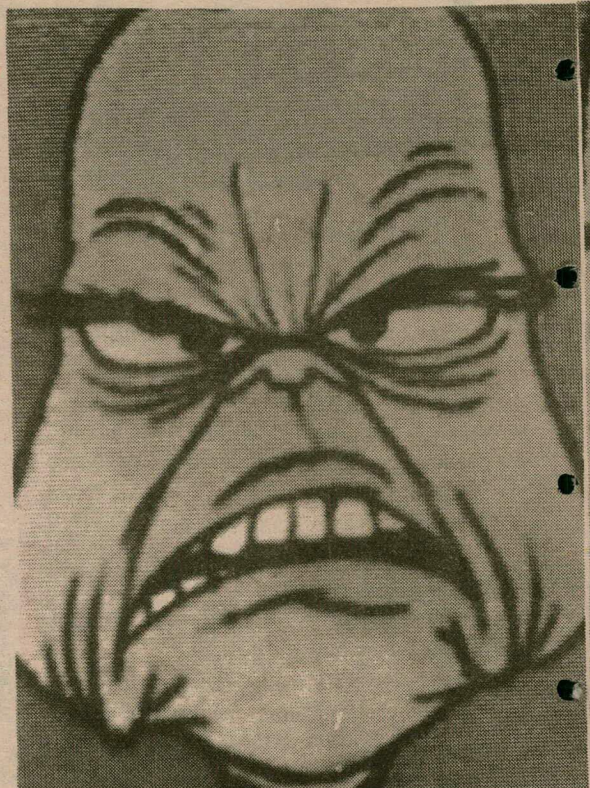
The Year Without a Santa Claus

The Story: The story is that he isn't coming; Santa Claus, rotund eternal patriarch is bedridden by a minor cold and major postmodernist angst. No one cares! he gruffs, and is he right? Jingle and Jangle, two elves, one of whom looks uncannily like Tom Petty, fly south on a forbidden reindeer to find out.

They meet a cynical, world-weary young boy who becomes unbearably moved (and converted) when his father and Santa Claus duet on the unbearably moving "I Believe in Santa Claus." They decide that a national holiday for Santa is in order, and they need snow for that because...ah, forget it. The important point is that it entails traversing the Heatmiser and the Snowmiser, who stun with Vegasy showtunes celebrating themselves.

It takes a bird-delivered letter depicting a girl singing Elvis' "Blue Christmas" to sway the old fool, who leaps from bed, gives his nose a mighty, horn-like blow, and the house comes down with a stirring present-delivery finale.

Moments to watch for: When the girl writes the lyrics to "Blue Christmas," the letters precede her crayon. Every second of the Miser brothers' numbers, which are clarion calls to any of us who wish to summon Christmas as quickly as possible.



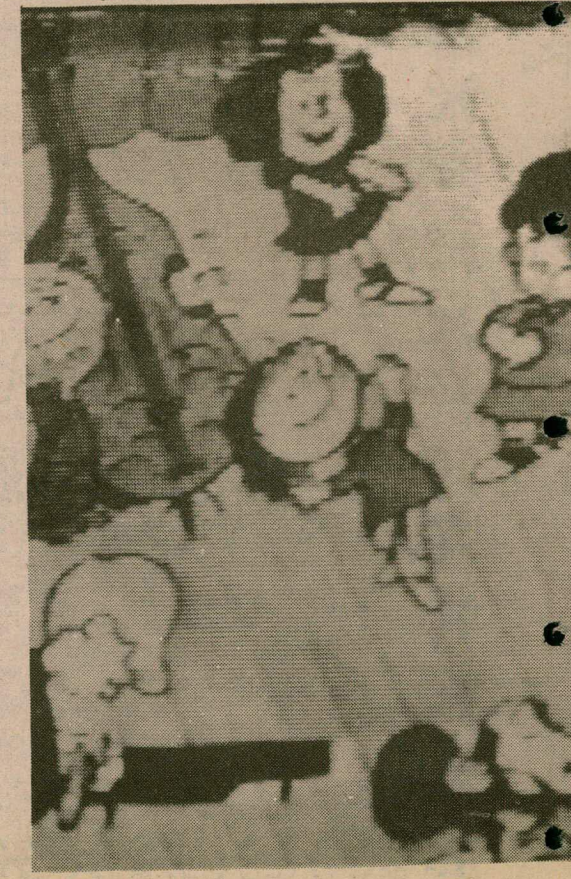
His soul is full of gunk: The Grinch.

Poor, misunderstood Herbie and his desolate toymaking.



This, like the previous two, is all stop-action animated puppets, which leads to the familiar, slow-motion spasticity of puppet movement. It's like a little Viewmaster world, nearly like the little Christian morality plays that aired very early Sunday morning. It's also necessary if Christmas is to be invoked.

Match your personality to a Peanuts dance: stately stoic.

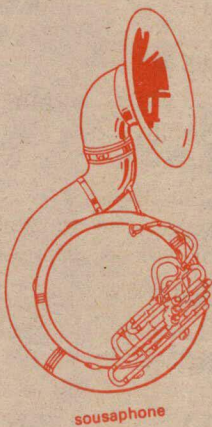


Sahib's Palace of Pleasure

Cap'n Cyril!

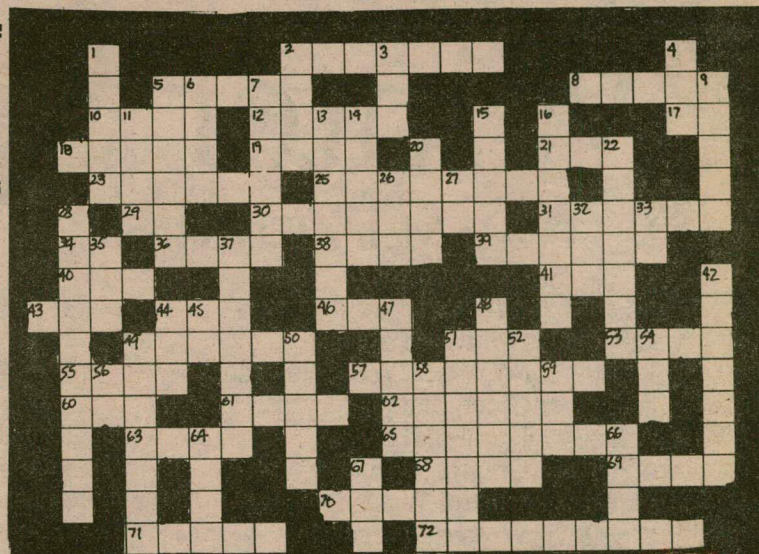
Across

2. a famous chapter in *Ulysses*
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18. trite
19. slender
21. unusually qualified or fitted
23. hungry grasshopper
25. siege engine
29. neither en español
30. exposition
31. rust fungus fruiting body
34. _____ *Through The Out Door*
36. depressed, dejected
38. to live in an apartment
39. shocking
40. tree blood
41. sewer rodent
43. part of a relay
44. 252 gallons
46. affirmative
49. hot spiced wine with curdled milk
51. to drink milk like Madonna
53. court
55. drill
57. education of children
60. Yoko
61. to dawdle lugubriously
62. to goofily blunder
63. glut
65. big, big Civil War battle
68. not more
69. not busy
70. wild animal droppings
71. a spice
72. air-driven

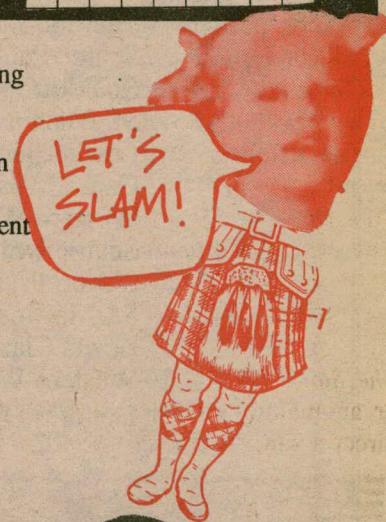


Down

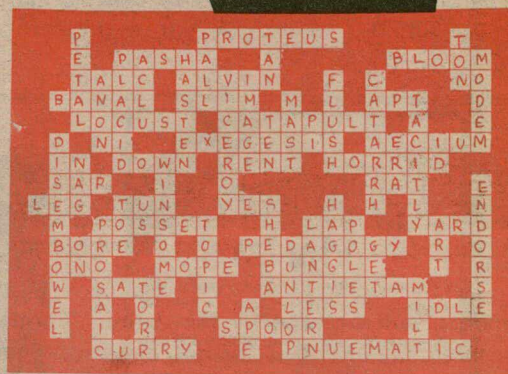
1. flower organ
2. satiate
3. to get skin cancer
4. about 2000 lbs.
5. tranquil
6. American Civil Liberties Union
7. quicken
9. a piece of computer hardware



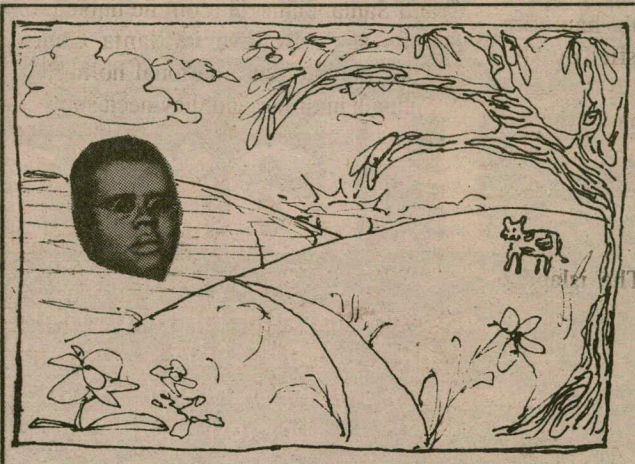
11. soon in Shakespeare's time
13. a governor representing his king
14. not substance
15. irrigate
16. mucus membrane inflammation
20. ship pole
22. done without expressed agreement
26. X
27. circumference + diameter
28. eviscerate
32. a detergent
33. opposed to the super-ego
35. a horse
37. cheerful, sweet, petite, and gay
42. give approval
45. a magazine
47. Queen of _____
48. rude Scottish pudding
50. heading in an outline
51. camping light
52. they live in Poland
54. one of the humanities
56. opposite of off
58. a famous tire company
59. obtain
64. 1/760 of an atmosphere
66. male fish secretion
67. large Old World monkey



Answers!



Can you find...



- | | |
|------------------------|------------------|
| a spoon? | a knife? |
| a clock? | a witch? |
| a rooster? | a fork? |
| legendary bluesman | a pair of pants? |
| Blind Lemon Jefferson? | a shoe? |
| a watch? | a doorknob? |

Jumbly!

The word game

1. THURG

— — — —

2. VEMBO

— — — —

3. HELHUF

— — — —

4. IMBONG

— — — —

5. DRIVDY

— — — —



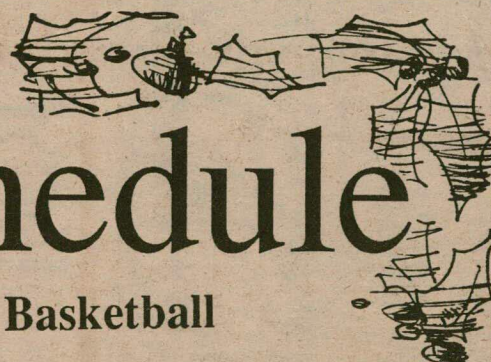
What the chiropractor said when he saw the chicken skin:

“

”

How to play: Unscramble the words, then take letters in circles and use them to form the answer.
Time limit: 15 minutes

Upcoming Athletic Events



Winter Sports Schedule

Men's Basketball

Dec. 15	Simon Fraser**	HOME - TBA
28-29	Holiday Classic (WWU, CWU, Whitman)	HOME - TBA
Jan. 3	Chico State	Away - 7:45
5	Humboldt State	Away - 7:45
7	Oregon Tech	Away - 7:30
10	Central Washington**	Away - 7:30
12	Western Oregon	Away - 7:30
16	Sheldon Jackson	HOME - 7:30
19	Seattle Pacific	HOME - 7:30
26	Sheldon Jackson	Away - 7:30
31	St. Martin's**	Away - 7:00
Feb. 2	Lewis Clark State**	Away - 7:00
7	Central Washington**	HOME - 7:30
9	Western Washington**	Away - 8:00
11	Seattle University**	HOME - 7:30
13	Simon Fraser**	Away - 7:30
16	St. Martin's**	HOME - 7:30
22	Lewis Clark State**	HOME - 7:30
23	Western Washington**	HOME - 7:30

** Denotes District games

Women's Basketball

Dec. 14	St. Martin's**	Away - 7:00
28-29	Holiday Classic (Concordia, O.I.T. PLU)	HOME - TBA
Jan. 8	Sheldon Jackson**	HOME - 7:00
11	Simon Fraser**	HOME - 7:00
12	Western Washington**	HOME - 7:00
16	Seattle University	Away - 7:00
17	Seattle Pacific	Away - 5:30
19	Whitworth	Away - 6:00
22	Pacific Lutheran University	Away - 6:00
25	Central Washington**	HOME - 7:00
26	Lewis-Clark State**	HOME - 7:00
28	St. Martin's**	HOME - 7:00
Feb. 1	Western Washington	Away - 7:00
2	Simon Fraser	Away - 7:00
8	Seattle Pacific University**	HOME - 7:00
9	Seattle University**	HOME - 7:00
12	Portland	HOME - 7:00
15	Lewis-Clark State	Away - 6:00
16	Central Washington	Away - 7:00
19	Northwest College	Away - 7:00

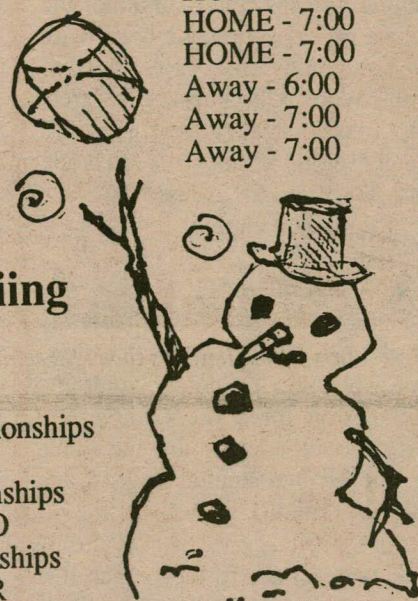
Swimming

Jan. 12	Oregon State (Women)	HOME - 1:00
15	UC Davis (Men)	Davis - 3:00
16	Cal State Chico (Men)	Chico - TBA
25	University of British Columbia	Vancouver - 7:00
26	Simon Fraser	Burnaby - 1:00
Feb. 1	Pacific Lutheran	HOME - 7:00
2	Willamette University	Salem - 1:00
9	Central Washington	Ellensburg - 1:00
22-23	NAIA Bi-District Championships	Ellensburg
Mar. 6-9	NAIA National Championships	King County Aquatic Center

Skiing

Jan. 19-20	Snoqualmie WA**
26-27	Bluewood WA**
Feb. 1-2	Vancouver, BC**
9-10	Conference Championships
Feb. 26-	Regional Championships
Mar 2	@Breckenridge, CO
13-16	National Championships
	@Mt. Bachelor, OR

**Division Races



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- * DESK CLERK
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- * HOUSEKEEPING
- * WAITSTAFF
- * GIFT SHOP

Summer season May - September
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Westmark Inn - Skagway
300 Elliott Ave. West
Seattle, Washington 98119-4199
(206) 231-5172



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low cost confidential family planning services
birth control clinic counseling
pregnancy services and referrals STD testing
abortion services

Tacoma
813 South K Street #200
572-6955

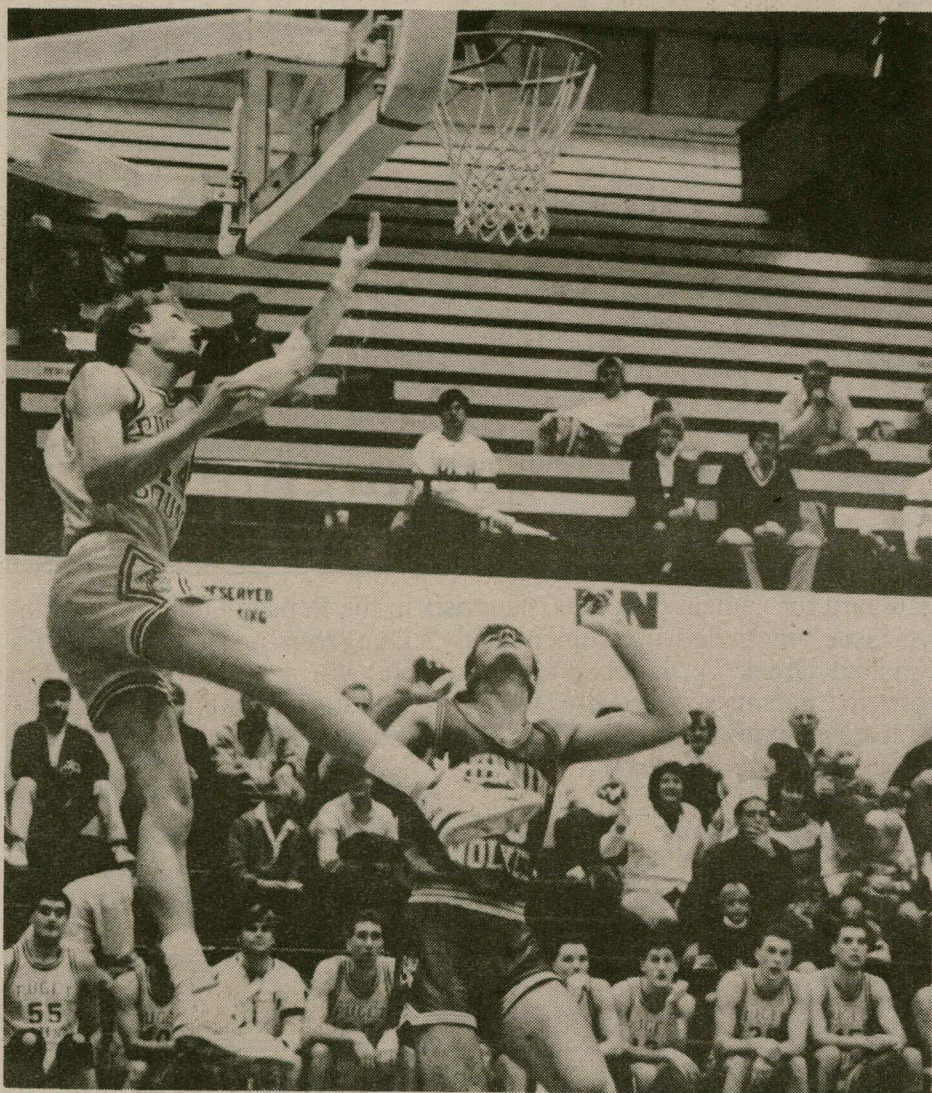
Lakewood
10510 Gravelly Lake Dr. SW
#214
582-4144



PLANNED PARENTHOOD OF PIERCE COUNTY

Just like Santa, Loggers deliver the goods

Men improve their record to 6-2



Logger Chris Lynch imitates the eight reindeer flying through the air on this drive.

By Eric D. Williams
Sports Editor

The Loggers exploded out of the blocks early and held off a late Western Oregon rally to escape with 82-71 victory.

Todd Lindstrom came off the bench to spark the Loggers with a team high 19 points. Chris Lynch and Mark Schultz added 14 apiece.

Lynch, who hit some clutch shots down the stretch to put the game away, provided the Loggers with perimeter offense all evening.

"It was a good win for us," said Lynch. "We needed to face a good pressing team like Western Oregon tonight and prove to ourselves we could beat the press after George Fox used it so effectively against us."

After a first half hibernation, in which the Loggers controlled the tempo for most of the period, the Running Wolves came to life in the second half and cut the Puget Sound lead to six. Western Oregon wing Lance Marr, who led all scorers with 21 points, led the charge with back-to-back three pointers.

But the Loggers responded with a run of their own, with Lynch and Lindstrom filling the hole from the outside and space eater Mark Schultz, who had a

game high 10 rebounds, controlling the Middle. All hopes of a Western Oregon comeback were silenced and the Loggers cleared the bench to finish this one.

"It has taken a couple of games for players to get used to each other, but now I feel we are starting to form some chemistry," said Lynch.

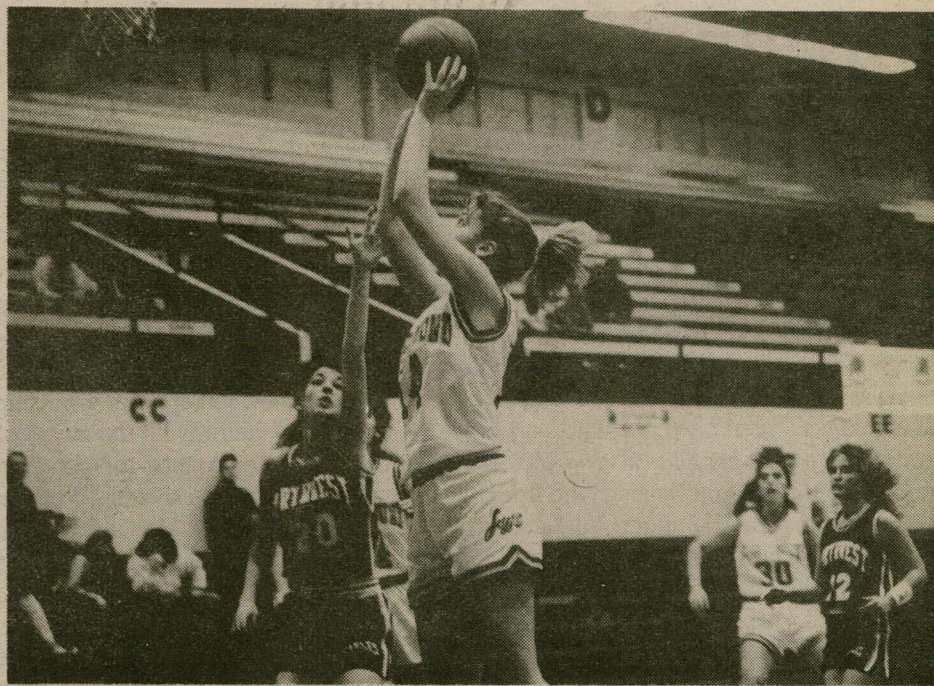
And the Loggers will need some team unity as District 1 opponent Simon

I feel we are starting to form some chemistry.

Fraser invades the fieldhouse on Saturday, December 15, at 7:30 p.m.

The Klansmen have faced several Division 1 opponents, including Montana and Idaho, and will have a size advantage on the Loggers inside.

"It will be a real battle for the big guys inside," said Lynch. "The wings will have to be more patient and hit the boards more."



Faster than one of Santa's elves, Annie Pettigrew aggressively drives to the hoop.

Women glow like Rudolph's nose

By Mark Dimling
Staff Writer

The Loggers were dominant from the tip-off Tuesday night when they played Northwest College, breaking the .500 barrier with a 75-51 win over the Wildcats.

Puget Sound won the tip, but Northwest was the first to score. UPS went on a 5 point run and jumped ahead 5-2. Johanna Bay made it 9 straight points by the Loggers, but Northwest's Dena Cambra nailed back-to-back three-pointers to bring the visiting Wildcats within one, 11-10. The Loggers answered back with a 9-point run. Annie Pettigrew's jumper capped off the spurt

After a timeout, Northwest made another free throw but that is all they would get as Puget Sound scored 14 straight points and the half ended with UPS leading 38-17.

In the second half, Northwest ran off 5 straight points to cut the lead to 16. Northwest's Dena Cambra canned a three pointer to cut the lead to 14, 43-29, before UPS went on a 6-2 run.

The Loggers put the game out of reach with 10 straight points capped by a Johanna Bay jumper and this was one for the record books.

Puget Sound's next game will be on December 14, at 7:30 in the state capital, Olympia against St. Martins.

PRINCESS TOURS Summer Jobs!

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Princess Tours is looking for Driver/Guides with the following qualifications:

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- Must be available for 10-week training program (evenings & weekends)
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Earn between \$5,000 and \$7,000 for the summer.

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DEADLINE: Jan. 7



For more information and job description contact:

CAREER DEVELOPMENT
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Interviews: Jan. 9, 10 & 11

The Puget Sound Trail

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 Molly Keys *Production Technician*
 Michelle Adkerson *Interim Media Advisor*

Trail Editor laments energy wasted on complacent snails

Four months and fourteen *Trails* ago, when I moved myself and my Austin Healy steering wheel into the editor's closet and waxed my name and a Margaret Atwood poem to the door, I was one optimistic woman. "This year," I thought, "*The Trail* will truly serve as a civilized forum for the exchange of intelligent, thoughtful ideas." It seemed so reasonable. We would submit editorials for general digestion, and the student body would have violent reactions.

We've tried, at any rate. We wrote about democracy, the abuse of power, racism in national politics, abortion, the draft, administrative



Jo Leese

The Trail ... A Kafkaesque nightmare?

disregard for student concerns, the crisis in the Persian Gulf. . . And the two issues that riled the student body? Dungeons and Dragons and a rehearsed Greek vs. independent squabble. I'm disappointed and I'm worried. Students seem overly concerned with the trivial inanities of their immediate environment; they even seem afraid to form new opinions or to disregard hackneyed ideas.

I thought we were addressing issues that students *would* find downright worrisome, or at the very least, mildly evocative. But complacency has obviously burrowed deep. If in such a sheltered place as this we cannot provoke insightful response, don't expect that anyone will offer you a golden invitation in the real world.

Opinion

Dreaming of a blood-red, body bag Christmas

By J.J. Colquhoun

Contributing Editor

"Cycles, cycles, life runs in cycles..."

--Chuck D. of Public Enemy, without ever having read Thucydides.

This, thank goodness, is a day of celebration in these parts. The semester draws to a welcome close while visions of sugarplums dance in the cramped recesses of our brains heralding the advent of winter break. At this time last year, the world seemed to have come so far since Tianamen square; walls came down and infant democracies sprang up at breakneck speed all across Eastern Europe. This year, we are only all too aware of American troops arriving in ever increasing numbers in Saudi Arabia; the potential reality of another draft looms in the storm clouds on the horizon. The sobering fact that there are now only 12 more shopping days until Christmas can wait for a few more moments; the euphoria of receiving presents understandably pales when one considers that the United States has only 23 more shopping days until January 15th, the day it must decide what sort of Christmas present it shall purchase for the world.

Until now, the question of peace in the Middle East was largely ignored over the Christmas holiday; it was a private issue among Arab states, Israel, and their superpower entanglements. Middle Eastern statesmen, generals, dictators, and presidents issued solemn statements about their conflicting ideologies, and these statements, while at times troubling, proved more predictable and reassuring than George Bush's growing list of mercurial rationales for Operation Desert Shield.

It makes for exciting and patriotic talk, indeed, the talk of America's equalizing the price of gasoline, restoring the sovereignty of Kuwait, bringing Hussein to justice, nipping Iraqi nuclear capability in the bud, and dismantling the Iraqi chemical warfare machine. But, now that the hostages are landing on the tarmac at Sea-Tac airport, who will limit our own nuclear capability and dismantle our own chemical warfare machine? Supposing that we do accomplish all these glorious things, won't we still remain dependent upon foreign oil? The catch-phrases of the seventies, words like "energy crisis," "petrodollars," "carpooling," and "55 m.p.h. speed limit" have all been replaced by a fashionably misdirected environmental ethic which gets all choked up about "paper or plastic?" but has done nothing to solve our gasoline addiction.

Since the Cold War is over, we find it very easy to hate Saddam Hussein. He is our creation: a little puppet dictator we installed years ago, propped up with American arms and aid to bring stability to a troubled region, and then left alone to his own nefarious schemes. Perhaps 10 years down the road, long after we have forgotten about all this Kuwait business and packed up the infrastructure we are currently installing in Saudi Arabia and Syria, we shall find that either King Fahd or Assad has become the new enemy. And we wonder why we keep finding ourselves mopping up the messes we made long ago in trying to play policeman of the world.

We find ourselves quite undisturbed about the front-page talk of war, because we do not want to believe that it could possibly come to that. We have friends (or friends of friends) who have gone to Saudi Arabia or may yet be called; we would not want to see them suffer, or worse, die. We remember the isolation and doubt experienced by

Vietnam veterans when they were forgotten and say, "I'm personally not for war, but as a human being you can't just forget about them over there." So we bake cookies for them while the Coca-Cola company donates 40 zillion bottles of America's best to demonstrate its support of the men and women overseas. But in our soul-felt compassion for their plight, we ignore the politics of the situation. Our sympathy may be humane in the short-term, but in the long-term it can only prolong the inevitable, solidify American commitment in the Gulf, and legitimize our costly standoff there. Try as we might, we cannot continue to trade heart-felt and emotionally supportive words for the blood they will surely end up spilling at our expense. If we are really to show compassion for loved ones, let us stage a protest, march on the Capitol, or write our Congressmen; in short, let us bring them home.

The implications of Operation Desert Shield continue to grow more and more insidious each moment. Bush may go to war without consulting Congress. He has, after all, been given something of a *fait accompli* by the rest of the world, with the notable exceptions of Cuba, China, and Yemen. Never mind that the commonest Iraqi goatherd may very well be able to track our multi-billion dollar Stealth bomber, that we stand with the knife at the world's life-line, or that we face a foe with eight impressive years of fighting experience against Iran. We may have superior firepower and technology, but recall that neither of these availed our troops in Vietnam, or more recently, the crew of the U.S.S. Stark. It will take more than bombs to remove the Iraqis from the foxholes they have been digging and fortifying in Kuwait since this summer.

We can be assured that this will be no afternoon invasion of Panama, bombing of Libya, or frolic in Grenada, even though George has firmly assured us that this will "not be another Vietnam" because the terrain is different. It took Presidents Johnson and Nixon eight years to install 540,000 American troops in Vietnam. We have sent 400,000 to Saudi Arabia in the course of three months. Already on campus there is buzzing talk of a draft despite the president's assurances to the contrary. We, unfortunately, know there is precious little difference between a conscript and a convict. We, the youthful and liberally educated, smell the smoking cinders left at Bull Run, Dresden, Nagasaki, and Mai Lai. We read of Japanese concentration camps in WWII America and wonder in what position Iraqi-Americans will find themselves once war commences. We remember, vaguely, seeing footage of Jane Fonda burning draft cards and wonder where she is now, perhaps aerobicizing? Could the Harvard of the West become another Kent State?

The stubborn poker game continues, the global stakes continue to skyrocket, and we only have a scant 23 days left before Bush and Hussein call each other's bluffs. Maybe we have watched "too many Rambo movies." Maybe we are just crazy enough not to blink, with Hussein looking us "right in the eye", to abandon the embargo, and to fight for shifting sand dunes. Surely, if that is the case, no-longer-wimpish George ought to have his credentials in order, his hands very clean, and perhaps a prayer of forgiveness on his "read-my-lips" should he elect to accept, all too eagerly, the mandate he has been given by the United Nations Security Council. Some of us may not go willingly like lambs to the slaughter.

Opinion

Dreaming in the library ...

Grocott drools in the crease of his Norton

By Jeff Grocott

Guest Contributor

I was in the Collins Library the other day trying to study, but I kept reading all of the scribbles in the walls of my study carrel instead. It was the standard Puget Sound graffiti: one wall was covered with the perennial Greek vs. Independent question (who really sucks more); another section was devoted to a probing discussion on genitalia, and on which campus living organizations tend to engage in the most diverse sexual behaviors; in another corner, someone had scrawled a complaint about having too many papers to write and too many books to read. And I wondered to myself: what would Puget Sound be like if we had something real to worry about? What if we routed all our idealism and all our repressed libidinal energies toward some important problem, instead of losing ourselves in all the inconsequential issues that we find so pressing? I started to think about how we might benefit from a few real-world problems. I wondered how we would handle them. And about that time (as I usually do in the library) I fell asleep at my desk.

I dreamt that some chemistry majors from Thompson Hall (in conjunction with the members of the BPA department) accidentally spilled a big lump of radioactive goop into the SUB soda machines. As they were busy trying to cover their tracks (consulting with members of a business law class, I believe), the university's diversity committee came in from a grueling meeting for a round of Mountain Dews. Toxic spasms kicked in after the first gulps, and the committee members were scattered throughout the server, retching and convulsing. Most SUB patrons gingerly skirted the scene, but soon a number of art majors filed in with easels and cameras, and they captured the atrocity from a number of perspectives and with some very clever uses of lighting. As the victims shuddered on the ground, I heard a sociology student arguing with a politics major about responsibility and how this demonstrates the weaknesses of the patriarchy; they mused about the possibilities for a violent overthrow of the current system, and one of them said he wished he knew some of the proletariat. A small group of philosophy majors stood around with crossed arms, mumbling: I wasn't sure what they were saying, but it sounded serious and they used a lot of German words. A delegation of students from the economics department elbowed into the server, drew up a few graphs, and determined incontestably that the price of sodas was destined to fall. The psychology department used the opportunity to survey their classmates, and they concluded that subjects would prefer to play ping-pong in a blue room, rather than in a

pink room. Two religion majors were whispering to each other, and one said something about bad karma, and the other mumbled, "God must have willed it thus." A few history majors lamented among themselves about the cyclical nature of history and one said, "You'd think that they would have learned a lesson from Love Canal," and the other said, "Yes, and remember Dow Chemical Co. in Vietnam," and they began to have a grand discussion. A number of English students sat in the corner talking about Swift and writing satirical poems that they secretly hoped someone might someday read. And as the first poisoned member of the university diversity committee heaved her final breath, no one really seemed to notice; however, the student senate did pass a resolution to amend the constitution.

About this time my dream started to turn unbelievably ugly and absurd. It seemed that Puget Sound had finally begun to assimilate the standards of the outside world; someone had invited the rest of the world to our own little campus. The trees from the arboretum were all being cut down, and they were loading them onto a line of eighteen-wheelers that was parked in front of the president's house. The SUB ran out of food (except for chick-peas) and the line for black-market Cellar chili-fritos stretched all the way to Jones Hall. Dan Quayle was teaching a P&G seminar ("Healthy Media Relations") and Security Services hauled most of the "dangerously liberal" professors away to the basement of the Beta house for an indefinite term of attitude modification. A number of 13-year-old Tacoma youths were peddling crack in the Centennial Garden. And someone invited a couple Iraqi soldiers to campus, ("It's been a while since we've had a real war here in our own backyard," they reasoned), and so a few of our McChord A.F.B. boys in a jet-fighter leveled most everything between Alder Street and Union Avenue and then strafed a few of the local elementary schools for good measure; unfortunately they missed the nasty A-rabs because they had gone out on an American-style beer run. Then Madonna gave an open-air concert and all of the surviving students went to watch her grab her crotch for two hours because, we all reasoned, she must be making a profound statement

I woke up with my nose in the crease of my Norton Anthology. I'd left a puddle of drool all over Thomas More. I looked at a scribble on the side of my study carrel: "Sigma Nu's are Fags," it said. I looked out my window, and there was still ivy growing up the sides of all of the buildings, and all the trees were still there, and three plant department guys were staring at a sprinkler. I rubbed my eyes. I was so relieved to be awake.

Letters

Maggie T. was all right, and that's the point

By responding to ["Good Riddance, Maggie," *Trail* Nov. 29] I am not claiming to be any sort of authority on British politics (as *The Trail* obviously is), nor am I attempting to defend the "reign" of Margaret Thatcher. I simply wish to point out some of the factual and analytical errors of *The Trail's* specious arguments.

My comments are based on the work: *Mrs. Thatcher's Revolution: the Ending of the Socialist Era*, by one of England's best current journalists, Peter Jenkins. (Jenkins' articles often appear in *The Independent*, perhaps the best newspaper in English, yet unknown to our inadequate library). His study investigates the broader political framework during Thatcher's government, attempting to place it in some sort of historical context. He argues that "Thatcherism", in many respects, had little impact on the economic and social changes occurring in Britain.

Regarding the "disempowered" trade unions, *The Trail* argues, much like the unions themselves did, that Thatcherism "consigned" workers to their "immediate situations" of widespread unemployment. In fact, though, as Jenkins notes, the unions lost power because "manufacturing [the union stronghold] was in decline in relation to services"

throughout Europe, especially in the UK.

Similarly, *The Trail* accuses Thatcher of "pure, deliberate folly" by "jeopardizing" Britain's social system. In truth, however, Thatcher's questioning of many social services was merely part of a much larger call, from all sides, for reform of an inefficient system. Moreover, Britain's welfare state is hardly in "jeopardy," still responsible for the health, education, and social security of its citizens.

Finally, and perhaps most significantly, today's Labour (opposition) party dramatically indicates Britain's transformed political landscape. Under Neil Kinnock, the Labour party has abandoned the trade unions, the socialism of Tony Benn, and the possibility of "re-nationalising" much of private industry -- the Labour party of Atlee and Gaitskell is gone forever. This shift to the right, moreover, has led to greater popularity.

While we all seem to be singing merrily to the tune of "Ding-Dong the Wicked Witch is Dead," we perhaps ignore the significant changes over these past 11 years. Since these changes, in many ways, were much more fundamental than Margaret Thatcher could ever be given credit for, I wouldn't expect much to change following her demise. Under John Major or even Neil Kinnock, England will hardly "go back" to the politics of 11 years ago, where trade unions wielded great power, nationalized industry was considered somewhat necessary, and Bennite socialism was the viable alternative to "Thatcherism."

Marc Wright

Nuke the tests, not the people!

How many average American citizens are aware that nuclear testing is being conducted here in the western United States? Not nearly enough, according to David Batker, the Greenpeace representative who spoke at last week's Activists for a Better Environment meeting. Batker discussed the underground testing taking place at the Nevada Nuclear Test Site (NNTS). The NNTS is located on Western Shoshone land, 65 miles northwest of Las Vegas, Nevada. These tests are intended to check the reliability of stockpiled weapons, new safety features, new weapon designs, and the effects of radiation on military hardware. Although the explosions take place up to one mile underground, there is still serious contamination of the atmosphere, ground water, and soil. The toxic waste produced is simply left in the ground, creating perpetual problems.

In January of 1991, the United Nations will be debating a comprehensive test ban treaty (CTBT). A CTBT would prevent further development and testing of nuclear weapons, thus slowing the arms race and freeing more government funds. The Soviet Union is supporting the CTBT would prevent further development and testing of nuclear weapon, thus slowing the arms race and freeing more government funds. The Soviet Union is supporting the CTBT and France will agree if the USSR, Great

Britain, and the United States sign. Because they also test in the Nevada desert, Great Britain is not in support. The outcome of this decision now depends on the U.S.

In August and September of this year, the U.N. debated a non-proliferation treaty. Under such a treaty, there would be no development of new weapons for the destruction of people. However, several countries, including Mexico, refused to sign without the establishment of a CTBT first.

In order to protest the current testing and to support possible bans, Greenpeace, in conjunction with America Peace Test, organizes a meeting and non-violent protest at the Nevada Nuclear Test Site each year. The coming convention will be January 4 and 5, 1991. There will be an international convention in Las Vegas on the 4th and a protest at the test site on the 5th. Greenpeace is organizing transportation and housing for a nominal fee. There will be vans traveling from Tacoma for about \$73 round trip. Housing will be available at hotels, private homes, gymnasiums and camp grounds for varying rates. All participants are required to have non-violence training. A training course will be offered at UPS on Thursday, December 13 from 3-6p.m., and it will most likely be in the Rotunda. If you would like more information, contact the ABE desk upstairs in the SUB at x3665. Help stop the destructive testing of nuclear weapons here in the U.S. and ultimately the world at large.

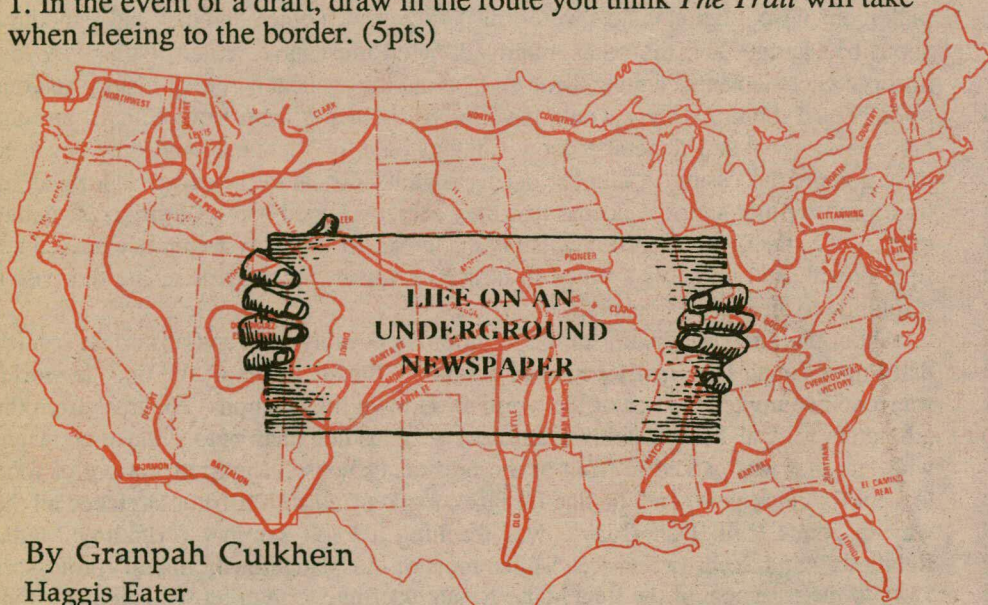
Cynthia Hansen

Saucy Space Filler

Cap'n Cyril's draft- dodgers 301 final exam



1. In the event of a draft, draw in the route you think *The Trail* will take when fleeing to the border. (5pts)



By Granpah Culkhein
Haggis Eater

Multiple Choice (3pts each): choose the best answer.

2. Would the average draft-dodging *Trail* staffer cross the border
- by leaky but servicable rowboat
 - in a big backpack
 - crouching in a camouflaged kayak
 - by hot-air balloon at night
 - on a mountain bike with gnarly mag wheels
 - by federal express ("it definitely, positively has to be there overnight")
 - after renting a cheap hang-glider
 - while sky-diving with the Outhaus
 - taped underneath a train
 - by switching passports with a foreigner
 - using the fax machine in Phil Phibbs' office over the holidays

3. If *The Trail* could found an expatriate community anywhere in the world where would it do so?

- on tugboats loaded with sulphur in Vancouver, B.C.
- in the sewer system of Paris, France
- underneath the Christ statue which welcomes visitors to Rio de Janeiro
- 3.0 km from Mexico City airport in an abandoned dog kennel
- on a park bench in Gorky Park, Moscow, U.S.S.R.
- near the statue of the Little Mermaid in Copenhagen, Denmark
- behind a used comic book store in Stockholm, Sweden
- on a dude ranch in Wellington, New Zealand
- underneath a forgotten clam-shell in Micronesia
- deep in Lake Victoria somewhere near the Kenya-Uganda border

4. What would *The Trail* staff eat every Wednesday night in this expatriate community as a reminder of production night and SUB fare:

- perogies doused in clam dip and bean sauce
- a lentil pita with extra sprouts
- guppy tacos con frijoles y habichuelas
- goats' curd in hollandaise sauce
- Irish potato famine cakes with baobab sap
- cucumber ka-bobs garnished with dates and truffles
- remora stroganoff simmered in cuttlefish sepia
- none of the above

5. *The Trail*'s favorite (and, hopefully, perfectly legal) way to avoid the draft:

- register for and join the communist party; carry your card always
- join the moonies or a seminary
- have your mother write you a note
- raid Klinger's wardrobe
- politely inform the draft-examiner that you are a witch
- all of the above



Mike

